249 been wrapped piled up around sides of canvas to form windbreak and barrier against straying fowls. By middle of July, or 10 days after being unwrapped, tobacco considered sufficiently dry; it was gathered up from canvas and it almost filled 50-lb. flour sack.

Next step was to pound tobacco. Early one morning FP took the tobacco, round coiled basketry tray, and small brush, up to SM's rancheria where ES lived, and 2 women prepared to pound tobacco in pit mortar holes on rancheria. Two youths cut some scrub oak and made rude arbor almost completely encircling pit mortar bed, and in this shady workplace FP and ES sat down, as described by Gifford (Gifford, 1932 b, 24), and started to pound tobacco, using for pestles rude boulders 12-15 in. long, 3-4 in. thick, which were at mortar bed. Each woman put double handful of tobacco into hole and pounded with steady up and down motion, pestle being grasped near its top end with both hands and not being lifted more than 12 in. above mortar hole. When tobacco leaves well pulverized powdered tobacco scooped out of mortar with both hands and piled up on basket tray, which was shaken gently from side to side with occasional flip up and down, until coarse and fine particles were separated. Fine portion was put in empty sack, coarser powder returned to mortar hole for additional pounding. What loose tobacco fell around edges of mortar hole brushed back into hole with soaproot brush; later when pounding finished, basketry tray also dusted off with brush. When all tobacco had been pounded into olive-drab-colored powder which was about as fine as snuff, total amount half-filled 50-lb. flour sack. This work took ES and FP 2 hours to accomplish; pounding tobacco not considered by either of them as hard work as pounding acorns, "because tobacco is dry" (ES).

Within next 2-3 days, FP made tobacco into balls and plugs (pa·mil). An infusion of whole fresh tobacco plants, which she gathered near her home, was obtained by boiling the plants in water 1-2 hours, "until the water was black, like coffee" (ES). This infusion was then strained, allowed to cool, and added to powdered tobacco in sufficient quantity to make stiff dough, which was kneaded with hands, and shaped into oval balls 3-4 in. long and little less than 3 in. thick, or into plugs 5 x 5 x 1 in. Plugs made by putting dough into 4-sided, top and bot-
[177] tomless form, similar to those used in making adobe bricks, which rested on flat piece of wood; use of these forms not aboriginal, all tobacco having formerly been made up into balls. Balls and plugs were then set on plank in sunny place to dry for about 10 days; when thoroughly dry tobacco ready to be used. In final form, crop
435 gathered by ES, FP, and LT yielded 10 plugs, 14 balls; ES given as her share 5 balls. Both balls
● [438 and plugs valued in 1932 at $3 apiece; consti-
439] tuted, both in aboriginal times and to some extent today, article of intra- and intertribal trade (Voegelin, 1935 b, 239).

[p. 37(a)]

159 a patch near Weldon. They were camping at Tom
249 Cook's place that time they were working the to-
bacco. One night my father returned to camp, sick;
he could hardly walk. And then he was sick in bed
for one week; he didn't get up any more. Somebody
159 came and told me, "Your father's sick over there,"
249 so I went and stayed with him for a week. Then he
763 died. Two white men came and made a coffin and
764 they buried him in back of the Onyx rancheria, in
the cemetery there. Lots of Indians are buried
there. They put away his feather headdress in the
coffin with him; he had been a dancer and always
danced at fiestas.

159 I took my mother over to my house at yYtiyamup
765 in the evening after we had buried my father. My
[769] mother lived with me for a long time after that;
my husband used to work all the time, on ranches,
or going to the mts. with cattle; my son, too,
when he got big. After awhile my mother went over
to her cousin's at Canebrake to get her face
washed by her ta·gin (see section on Rituals);
she didn't make any fiesta then, she just had her
face washed. She gave that ta·gin $30 and some
calico for washing her face. Finally my mother
went back to Canebrake to live there. She lived
with her brother and his daughter and a grandson
[285 of hers. She made lots of baskets up there to
● 438] sell to a peddler who came around.

Then one day in July that grandson came down
159 to SM's rancheria and told me my mother was dead.
763 There had been a cloudburst up at Canebrake; my
mother had been fixing a basket under a ramada
when it began to rain. She had some tobacco dry-
ing down below in the canyon, and she got up and
went down to take it in. Her brother and his
daughter were standing watching. "Don't you go
there," they said, but my mother didn't heed them.
The water came down the canyon awfully quickly:
it was all muddy and running strong. It caught my
mother where she was, in the canyon.

159 I went up to Canebrake right away, on horse-
764 back, with my son and daughter and Mike Miranda;
we looked all over in that canyon, but we never
found my mother's body. Maybe it was buried in
the sand. The others were looking for the body,
too, but they couldn't find it. We stayed there
one night and I burned her clothes. She had lots
of clothes; Petra Miranda used to give her lots
of them every time she went down to the Jesus
ranch. I burned my mother's trunk with all her
clothes in it, but I brought all her baskets home
with me. I couldn't find her money. I asked my
cousin where it was, but she didn't know where
she kept it either. My mother must have had money,
because she sold baskets all the time when the
peddler went over to Canebrake. Maybe she had it
buried good, some place.

159 After we had searched for my mother's body,
591 the next day we returned to SM's rancheria, all
of us, Mike and my children and I. We stayed
there all the time then. Legora used to work for
white people on the ranches over here, over
there. I moved close to Steban's house. We didn't

159 591 [252] go to Poso Flat any more for acorns then; it was too far; no one goes over there now for acorns from here. We'd just gather about half a sackful right near home. Those acorns that grow up at Steban's aren't much good; they are too bitter. You have to work with them a long time to get them sweet. The acorns down by Isabella are all right; they're pretty sweet. But the best ones come from Poso Flat; you don't have to work with them hardly at all to get them sweet.

159 574 438 Sometimes I'd go down to see Petra Miranda at the Jesus ranch; we'd go in the morning and return in the afternoon, about 3 o'clock. We'd just talk together, Petra and I; we'd tell each other what we had been doing all the time. I'd gather seeds, too; we bought flour instead of using acorn meal, but the children all liked chia and ku·l and pacist gruel. That peddler used to come around all the time to trade baskets for clothes; I bought Legora a cape once, from him. It was pretty, with fur around it; it cost me $4 in trade.

159 763 273 682 One time my husband rode a bronco, all alone in a field over here, and Hawk came down when he was riding that horse and hit him on the side of his head with his wing. Six months after that my husband died; he was killed. He went over to Kernville one day; he got drunk over there with a white man. Nobody else was with them; no one saw what happened. My husband had $20 in gold in his pocket. He was shot in 3 places; somebody killed him and then took that money off him, because the pocket he had it in was cut off with a knife. Steban was cutting wood, camping with his wife down here, working for the Brown company; a white man came and told him about Pete's being killed. Then they all left that camp and came up and told me. Legora was working at Mrs. Nichols'; Estefana and another girl went up and got her, then we waited here all day. They were going to bring my husband's body over here and bury it down here, but they kept it over in Kernville all day. My son had no money to pay a man for bringing it over here in a wagon. One white man said, "Have you money?" My son said, "No." Then that white man gave my son $7. The white men at Kernville wanted to bury my husband over there at Kernville, but my son paid a man at Kernville and that man brought the body over here.

159 764 765 When they brought Pete's body back from Kernville everybody came and stayed at our place that night; they prayed for Pete. Steban prayed (in Spanish). We all cried; one person would start crying, then everybody would cry, all night long. The next morning we buried the body. I burned all Pete's clothes, then, right away; the mattresses, pillows, quilts, blankets; I didn't save anything of his. The plates I broke and threw away. He had a good rifle; I buried that well. If I hadn't done all that his ghost would have walked around inside the house, bothering us. [231] Pete had 3 horses that time; I got one and my son and daughter each got one. SM wanted to get one,